

CONSULTING STATE HIGHWAY ENGINEER

Good Roads Committee Held Another Meeting Monday Night with Prof. R. J. Potts of A. & M. College.

The good roads committee of the Commercial Club held another meeting Monday night at the office of Chairman J. K. Parker for the purpose of consulting with State Highway Engineer R. J. Potts, of A. & M. college, at which the proposed macadam road from the Red river to the gulf was taken up. Prof. Potts explained at length to the committee the status of the proposition. From Hempstead to the gulf the road is practically completed. Several counties have issued bonds or have ordered bond elections, but at the present time no action has been taken in locating the road.

Prof. Potts is arranging for a meeting with several prominent engineers for the purpose of studying the situation and making a recommendation as to the most practicable route. It is also proposed to form an organization to be composed of the chairmen of the committees of the commercial clubs in the counties interested in the construction of the proposed road. This organization is to act in harmony with the commissioners' courts in pushing the work of building the macadamized highway.

It was the sense of the committee that, after the route had been gone over and the final report made by Prof. Potts, if the projected trans-state highway did not prove feasible, a movement would be started to secure a system of good roads for the county. Prof. Potts outlined to the committee a system for the building of roads with material in the county, building what are known as a clay-sand roads, the cost of which would be less than \$1000 per mile. A network of these roads would be a great addition to the road system of Brazos county.

The committee adjourned with announcement by the chairman that another meeting would be held after the report of Prof. Potts has been made.

COUNT OF MAIL MATTER

Every Package Handled in Bryan Postoffice During May Was Counted—Large Increase.

According to instructions from the postoffice department, all pieces of mail handled in the Bryan postoffice during the month of May have been counted. The result of the count, as given to an Eagle reporter Tuesday morning, is as follows:

Number of pieces handled, 146,331.
First-class mail, number of pieces in 42,414, number of pieces out 51,148.
Registered mail, number of pieces in 165, number of pieces out 185.

In the opinion of the officials of the postoffice, this is a large amount of business and is a great increase over last year. While the pieces were not

counted last year during May, the comparison of receipts shows a large increase. The receipts for the past month of May totaled \$1035.00, which is several hundred dollars more than the total for May of last year.

The postoffice officials report that May is considered the dullest month in the year. If this be the case the need of free mail delivery in Bryan is very evident.

NOTICE.

To Whom It May Concern:

The following resolution was adopted by Local Union No. 1855, Carpenters and Joiners of America, in regular meeting June 1, 1911:

Resolved, That on and after September 1, next, eight hours will constitute a day's work, starting at 8 o'clock a. m. to 12 m., starting at 4 o'clock p. m. to 5 p. m. All work now under construction to be completed at the present working hours.

This is done so as not to take any unfair advantage of anyone interested. This gives three months' notice, which we believe any fair-minded person will consider ample and just.

W. W. HALL, President.
C. APPLING, R. S.

Not Stealing.

David Belasco delicately dissected a certain playwright one evening at a dinner given by the former to some of his friends of the theatrical profession. This playwright is successful and produces many plays, but, it is admitted, owes nearly all his best ideas to others.

"One night the playwright imagined that he heard a noise in his house," said Mr. Belasco. "He lighted a lamp, went downstairs, searched his library, parlor, dining room and kitchen, then went to the butler's pantry and there discovered a masked man kneeling over the chest of silverware."

"Aha!" said he huskily. "Stealing?"

"Oh, no," replied the burglar calmly. "I'm only adapting."

Time to Make a Change.

Sir William Phips was appointed governor in chief of the province of Massachusetts Bay in 1682. During his administration the terrible war against witchcraft raged for some sixteen months. When his own wife, Lady Phips, was named as having exercised the powers of witchcraft Sir William began to view this whole terrible madness in a new light, and he put a stop to all trials and discharged the prisoners then awaiting trial.

The Way It Happened.

Brother Lobstock: How did you all get you nose busted? Brother Tump: I done slipped down an' plumb lit on my back. Brother Lobstock:—But, name of goodness, sah, yo' nose isn't located on yo' back! Brother Tump: No, sah, an' needer was Brother Wack—Puck.

Ambiguous.

"Why did you spend so much money on your wife's funeral?" asked a man of a neighbor.
"Ah, sir," was the reply, "she would have done as much for me and more, too, with pleasure."

Sincerity.

Be resolutely and faithfully what you are; be humbly what you aspire to be. Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity, for it embraces his integrity also.—Thoreau.

His Choice of Weapons.

In "A Century of English Ballads," a book by Harold Simpson, there is a delightful story of Stephen Incedon, an eminent tenor of other days, whose singing of "Black Eyed Susan" was peculiarly to the people's taste. While staying at a country inn Incedon had quarreled during the evening with an army officer. He imagined he had closed the controversy by going off to bed, but the officer, left downstairs to brood over his wrongs, thought otherwise. Making his way to Incedon's bedroom, he found the singer fast asleep. When he succeeded in waking him, a matter of some difficulty, the officer demanded satisfaction.

"Satisfaction?" murmured Incedon sleepily. "Well, you shall have it." Whereupon he sat up in bed and sang "Black Eyed Susan" in his best style. "There," he said, lying down again, "my singing of that song has given satisfaction to thousands, and it will have to satisfy you." And he turned over and went to sleep again.

West Point Traditions.

"It is an interesting fact, often referred to at alumni reunions and in addresses delivered to the cadets at West Point," said a retired army officer, "that one of the most distinguished of the graduates of the academy, who afterward wore the epaulets of a major general, was once a bootblack on the streets of New York and was plying his trade when he noticed in a newspaper an announcement of a vacancy at the academy for the district in which he lived, and he applied for it."

"Another of the traditions," continued the officer, "is that one of the best cadet officers that ever wore the gray was the son of a convict, and, although that fact was known to every one of his comrades, it never made the slightest difference in his social standing. I do not know of any other institution where the same social recognition and the same loyalty of comradeship would be displayed."—Washington Herald.

Taming a Tiger.

"It is nothing but kindness that makes animals really tame," said a trainer. "All the terrible accidents that used to occur so frequently to trainers and tamers were due to the fact that the animals had been cowed and not won by kindness. I remember a savage Bengal tiger which was sent to me from Calcutta some years ago. When he arrived he was in a state of fury and rage and for several days would fly at me whenever I approached his cage. I paid him a daily visit, purring as I approached, which was like speaking his own language, and he gave up gradually his furious greeting. After a week I took a piece of meat at each visit, for the way to the heart is through the stomach, and that does not apply to tigers alone. At the end of four weeks I could touch him, and three months later he had quite realized that no one wanted to hurt him and used to come quietly to the bars to be stroked each day."

Sir Walter and the Royal Glass.

In 1820 George IV. conferred a baronetcy upon Walter Scott. Two years later the king of England went to pay a visit to his Scotch subjects. He was received with indescribable enthusiasm, and Scott led the manifestations organized in his honor.

"You are the one Scotchman I have chiefly desired to see," said the sovereign. The two men then drank one another's health, and Scott begged George IV. to give him the glass which he had just put to his lips. The favor was granted, and the poet put the glass in his pocket.

Unfortunately when he got home he forgot to place the relic in safety, set down upon it and broke it into a thousand pieces.—From De Monvel's "Beno Brummel."

The Romans Dressed For Dinner.

A sartorial authority says that the custom of dressing for dinner began with the Romans. It was a simpler procedure than at present. A loose robe of fine material was donned for the evening meal, preferably at home, but in cases where guests came from a distance at the home of the host, who kept a supply of dinner clothes on hand for the use of his guests who came unprovided.—Springfield Republican.

All but That.

"My present patient," said the pretty nurse, "is a peevish old millionaire."

"Never mind. He may ask you to marry him."

"Yes, he may. He has about run out of other requests."—Kansas City Journal.

Ought to Be Well Posted.

"I am quite surprised, Mr. Meeker, at your wife's knowledge of parliamentary law."

"She? Great Caesar! Hasn't she been speaker of the house for the last fifteen years?"

Quite Frank.

The Old One—So you wish to marry my daughter, eh? Do you drink? The Young One—Thank you; not just at present. Business before pleasure is my motto.—Philadelphia Record.

The Important Question.

It is idle to frame such a query as "Can the cook be a lady?" The real question is now and ever will be, "Can the lady cook?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Economy.

She—Don't let us have oysters this evening. Let's be economical, and then you can buy me that pearl necklace I told you of.—Rhea.

Fox as a Gamester.

Charles James Fox, the English statesman, was even more notorious in the gaming world than he was famous in the world of politics. He had squandered \$250,000 before coming of age. He became one of the most prodigious gamblers of the vicious days in which he lived. Some of his finest displays in debate were sandwiched between excitement such as would nerve most men who had no serious business on hand. Walpole has given a glimpse of a typical passage in this extraordinary man's life. He had to take part in the discussion on the thirty-nine articles in parliament on a certain Thursday. He had sat up playing hazard from Tuesday evening until 5 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. An hour before he had recovered \$60,000 that he had lost and by dinner time, which was 5 o'clock, ended losing \$55,000. On Thursday he spoke in the debate, went to dinner at past 11 at night; thence to a club, where he drank till 7 the next morning; thence to a gambling house, where he won \$30,000, and between 3 and 4 in the afternoon he set out on a journey to Newmarket.

Pirates and Strategy.

The virtuous island of Sark was not always so. When Edward III. was king, Sark was a haunt of pirates and wreckers. Sir A. Conan Doyle in "Sir Nigel" tells how they lived not upon the island, "but from what they can gather upon the sea around it. They are broken folk from all countries—justice fliers, prison breakers, reavers, escaped bondsmen, murderers and staff breakers who have made their way to this outland place and hold it against all comers." The merchants of Rye and Winchelsea fitted out an expedition against those scourges of the narrow seas. A landing was obtained by strategy. Leave was obtained to bury a supposititious dead sailor on the island, the burying party to come unarmed. But that apparent coffin was filled with weapons, and so was Sark cleansed of its evil inhabitants.—London Standard.

A Story of Mathews.

Charles Mathews one day previous to the period of his publicly proclaimed dire bankruptcy invited a friend to dine with him. The walnuts were washed down by some rare sherry.

"That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed. "It must have cost you a lot of money."

"It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flighty comedian answered, with a shrug.

"You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested.

"Oh, no," answered Mathews; "I bought it from Ellis, in Bond street."

"But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment.

"I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles retorted gravely. "Let's have another glass, my boy."

When Tea Was Dear.

Those who grumble at the price of tea should turn for consolation to the records of its price in early times. At its first introduction into England, about the middle of the seventeenth century, tea fetched anything between £6 and £10 a pound, and though a fall in price quickly took place the East India company still had to pay over £4 for the two pounds of tea which it presented the king. However, even thus it is doubtful if the tea merchants got very fat, seeing that the importation of some 4,000 pounds in 1678 was enough to glut the market for some years.—London Chronicle.

English Injustice.

An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She sadly looked at him, then sighed and said:

"It was five nice miles two years ago, but some English brute came over with chains and made it seven, and our hearts are broke walking it ever since. Bad luck to them!"

And she disappeared into the house, leaving him there.—Illustrated Bits.

Cramp in the Leg.

To those who suffer from cramp in the leg at night the following hint may be useful: When the cramp comes on take a good strong string—a long garter will do—wind it round the leg over the place that is affected and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will depart, and the sufferer can return to bed assured it will not come on again that night.

A Mean Question.

"Yes, it was George's idea to give me a silver spoon for every birthday."

"How many has he given you?"

"Why, twenty-two."

"Why did he stop?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cautious.

"I have a remarkable history," began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.—Washington Herald.

A Dubious Saying.

He—They say that the face is an index of the mind. She—I don't know. It doesn't follow because a woman's face is made up that her mind is.—Boston Transcript.

It Takes Time.

"Has little Mrs. R. consoled herself over her husband's death yet?"

"Oh, no; no yet! You know what a long time these insurance companies take to pay!"

We must not sit down and look for miracles.—Ellet.

NEW FEATURE IN MOVING PICTURES.

Tuesday night a new feature will be presented in moving pictures at the Dixie theater and the management is especially desirous to have the people of Bryan view this new class of pictures. The subject of the film is "The Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens, and it will be shown in three reels. This is being used as an experiment over the country to see if the people will be impressed favorably with these standard works in moving pictures and be entertained by three reels of the same subject.

This is one of the first films of this kind to be used in the South, and Bryan is fortunate to have the opportunity to see the reproduction of this great literary work by Charles Dickens. Mr. Fairman has gone to a great deal of expense and trouble to secure this picture for the Dixie program and expects an unusually large attendance for its production.

A Possible Southern President.

Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, has gained new laurels by his courageous action in defying the state chairman of his party rather than give up his fight for progressive legislation. Although it is an open secret that the great corporations are favorable to Harmon, there is a rapidly deepening conviction among the masses that Governor Wilson is by all the odds the ablest man now in prospect for the next democratic presidential nomination.

tion, and the most vigorous champion of popular rights and progressive policies. Of Southern birth, ancestry, rearing and marriage (he was born in Virginia and began life and married in Georgia) it is not unnatural that Southern democrats especially rejoice in his growing power.—Starkville (Miss.) Progressive Farmer.

HUSBAND MAY SPANK WIFE.

After being out for almost twenty-four hours a jury in Judge Vandeventer's court in East St. Louis decided that a husband has a right to spank his wife. The jury therefore refused to give a divorce to Mrs. Hannah Rebecca Yowell.

Yowell testified that at 2 a. m. July 5, last, he got up and gave his wife "a good spanking," because she had kept him awake for four hours talking to him. He then dressed and went to a neighbor's house and told about it.

"He called me 'red head' when he wanted to make me mad," said Mrs. Yowell, whose auburn locks attracted the eyes of many spectators.

Yowell said that the night he spanked his wife he asked her repeatedly to refrain from her hurricane of words, but the verbal storm lasted for four hours and he was unable to get a wink of sleep.—Houston Chronicle.

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Nut Milk Chocolates.....	05	Chocolate Assorted Nuts.....	10
Cream Cakes.....	05	Chocolate Ice Cream Drops.....	10
U-All-No Dinner Mints.....	10	Milk Chocolate Creams, 1-2 lb.....	40
Chocolate Peppermints.....	10	Chocolate Assorted Nuts, 1-2 lb.....	40
File Confections.....	10	Chocolates and Bon Buns, 1 lb.....	75
Philadelphia Caramels.....	10	Chocolate Bon Buns, 2 lb.....	\$1.50
Chocolate Almonds.....	10		

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Baron Hal's dam, Sue Hal by Star Hal and he by Brown Hal, 2:12 1/4; the champion stallion of the world of his day. Brown Hal, 2:12 1/4, sire of "Star Pointer," 1:59 1/4, ex-champion of the world. HOW CAN YOU BEAT IT?

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